11602.66.45
6
6

ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY EIGHT:

A DIALOGUE

Something like *HORACE.*

By Mr. POPE.

DUBLIN: Re-printed by GEO. FAULKNER.
M, DCC, XXX, VIII.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY EIGHT.

DIALOGUE.

A.

NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in Print,
And when it comes, the Court ſee nothing in't,
You grow *correct* that once with Rapture writ,
And are, beſides, too *Moral* for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all muſt feel——
Why now, this Moment, don't I ſee you ſteal?

'Tis all from *Horace*: Did not Horace ſay
"Lord *Fanny* ſpun a thouſand Lines a Day?
And long before you, in much better Metre,
"Laugh at thoſe Fools who put their Truſt in *Peter?*

But *Horace*, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo obſerves, he laſh'd no Sort of *Vice:*
Horace would ſay, *Sir* Billy *ſerv'd the Crown,*
Blunt *could do Buſ'neſs,* Huggins *knew the Town,*
Sir *George* of *ſome ſlight Gallantries* ſuſpect,
In rev'rend *Selden* note a *ſmall Neglect,*
And own, the *Spaniard* did a *waggiſh Thing,*
Who cropt our Ears, and ſent them to the King.
His ſly, polite, inſinuating Stile
Could pleaſe at Court, and made AUGUSTUS ſmile:
An artful Manager that crept between
His Friends and Shame, and was a Kind of *Screen.* †

* Peter Walter, *who hath ruined many Lords, and Gentlemen of Fortune.*

† *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico*
Tangit, & admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.

But

But 'faith your very Friends will ſoon be ſore;
Patriots there are, who wiſh you'd jeſt no more—
And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought
The Great Man never offer'd you a Groat.
Go ſee Sir ROBERT——

B. See Sir ROBERT!—hum——
And never laugh——for all my Life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier Hour
Of Social Pleaſure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He thinks one Poet of no venal Kind.
Come, come, at all I laugh He laughs, no doubt,
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

A. WHY yes: With *Scripture* ſtill you may be free;
A Horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at *Honeſty*;
A Joke on JEKYL, or ſome odd *Old Whig*,
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig:

A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry Age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
Theſe nothing hurts; they keep their Faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old Virtue as they will.

If any ask you, "Who's the Man, ſo near
"His Prince, that writes in Verſe, and has his Ear?
Why anſwer LYTTELTON, and I'll engage
The worthy Youth ſhall ne'er be in a Rage:
But were his Verſes vile, his Whiſper baſe,
You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny*'s Caſe.
Ægyſthus, *Verres*, hurt not honeſt FLEURY.
But well may put ſome Stateſmen in a Fury.

Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
Theſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe:
Laugh at your Friends, and if your Friends are ſore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To Vice and Folly to confine the Jeſt,
Sets half the World, God knows, againſt the reſt;

Did

Did not the Sneer of more impartial Men
At Senſe and Virtue, balance all agen.
Judicious Wits ſpread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

B. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Diſtinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come harmleſs *Characters* that no one hit,
Come *Henley*'s Oratory, *Oſborn*'s Wit!
The Honey dropping from * *Tyrconnel*'s Tongue,
The Flow'rs of † *Bubbington*, the Flow of ‖ *Young*!
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence;
And all the well-whipt Cream of courtly Senſe,
That firſt was *Harvy*'s, ‡ *Fox*'s next, and then
The Senate's, and then *Harvy*'s once agen.
O come, that eaſy *Ciceronian* Stile,
So *Latin*, yet ſo *Engliſh* all the while,
As, tho' the Pride of *Middleton* and *Bland*,
All Boys may read, and Girls may underſtand!

* *Sir* John Brownlow, *Viſcount Tyrconnel*. † Bub Dodington, *alias* Bubbington. ‖ *Sir* William Young. ‡ Harry Fox, *a Pupil of Lord* Harvey's.

Then

Then might I ſing without the leaſt Offence,
And all I ſung ſhall be the *Nation's Senſe.*
So——Satire is no more——I feel it die——
No *Gazeteer* more innocent than I!
And let, a God's-Name, ev'ry Fool and Knave
Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.

A. Why ſo? if Satire know its Time and Place,
You ſtill may laſt the Greateſt——in Diſgrace:
For Merit will, by Turns, forſake them all:
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all Satire in all Changes ſpare
Immortal *Selkirk*, and grave *Delawarr!*
Silent and ſoft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
All Tyes diſſolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
Theſe, may ſome gentle, miniſterial Wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King!
There, where no Paſſion, Pride, or Shame tranſport,
Lull'd with the ſweet *Nepenthe* of a Court;

Theſe

There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's Diſgrace
Once break their Reſt, or ſtir them from their Place;
But paſt the Senſe of human Miſeries,
All Tears are wip'd for ever, from all Eyes;
No Cheek is known to bluſh, no Heart to throb,
Save when they loſe a Queſtion or a Job.

B. Good Heav'n forbid, that I ſhou'd blaſt their Glory,
Who know how like Whig-Miniſters to Tory,
And when three Sov'reign's dy'd, could ſcarce be vext,
Conſid'ring what a Gracious Prince was next.
Have I in ſilent Wonder ſeen ſuch Things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings,
And at a Peer, or Peereſs ſhall I fret,
Who ſtarves a Mother, or forſwears a Debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaſt;
But ſhall the Dignity of *Vice* be loſt?
Ye Gods! ſhall *Cibber*'s Son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord? or * *Rich* out-whore a Duke?

* *Maſter of the Theatre in* Covent Garden.

A Fav'rite's *Porter* with his Maſter vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Is it for *W———rd* or *Peter* (paultry Things!)
To pay their Debts or keep their Faith like Kings?
If * *Blount* deſtroy'd himſelf, he play'd the Man,
And ſo may'ſt Thou, illuſtrious † *Paſſeran!*
But ſhall a *Printer*, weary of his Life,
Learn from their Books, to hang himſelf and Wife?
This, this, my Friend, I cannot, will not bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nations Care;
This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin.*

Let humble *Forſter*, if he will, excel
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Out-do *Landaffe*, in Doctrine———yea, in Life;
Let low-born ALLEN, with an aukward Shame,
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it Fame.

* *Author of a Book entitled, The Oracles of Reaſon.*
† *An* Italian *Count, who wrote a Philoſophical Enquiry, concerning Death.*

Virtue

Virtue may chuſe the high or low Degree,
'Tis juſt alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's ſtill the ſame, belov'd, contented Thing.
Vice is undone, if ſhe forgets her Birth,
And ſtoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;
Let *Greatneſs* own her, and ſhe's mean no more;
Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confeſs,
Chaſte Matrons praiſe her, and grave Biſhops bleſs:
In golden Chains the willing World ſhe draws,
And hers the Goſpel is, and hers the Laws:
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet Head,
And ſees pale Virtue carted in her Stead!
Lo! at the Wheels of her Triumphal Car,
Old *England*'s Genius, rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd in the Duſt! his Arms, hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the Ground!
Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold,
Before her dance; behind her crawl the Old!

See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
That "Not to be corrupted is the Shame."
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See, all our Fools aſpiring to be Knaves!
The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
Are what ten Thouſand envy and adore.
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
On Crimes that ſcape, or triumph o'er the Law:
While Truth, Worth, Wiſdom, daily we decry——
"Nothing is Sacred now but Villany."

Yet may this Verſe (if ſuch a Verſe remain)
Show there was one who held it in diſdain.

FINIS.

12 N063